KSZZ#4
written fall ~~2009~~ 2009
reprint fall 2012

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hi. this is the 4th reprint of KYEO Speaks 4. i first printed ~~xxxx~~ this in fall 2009 after my first U.S. tour with my old band, MOLOAR. i'm re-reading and re-visiting these journal entries right now as i print and i have to share how much i've forgotten about these many detailed events. the various bands and individuals mentioned are still some of my best friends and it's amazing to look back at the moments [redacted] when many of us met.

some of what i've written makes me feel embarrased some surprise me, others give me heavy memory jogs, but all make me smile. i was really happy during this time. i was very naive. i was very excited about discovering a new [redacted] space that gave me [redacted] more control over my life and the things i wanted to share. thank you friends for [redacted] helping me believe!!!! ♥

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- Marc
10/22/12

kyeo speaks 4 - written from september 12, 2009 to october 9, 2009.

this summer i went on tour with my band MOLDAR and another band, Matsuri, from San Jose. we went everywhere on this trip. it was both of our first U.S. tours, we met alot of really cool people and did so much fun stuff. this issue of Kyeo Speaks is going to be sort of a part 1 of 3 tour editions with stories and interviews and thoughts about our tour, including contributions from some other friends in bands about how their summers went.

MOLDAR/MATSURI US SUMMER TOUR 2009
50. 7/05/09 - Poo Haus II, San San Gabriel w/Matsuri, Tigon, This Is A Mine Field, Burn Idols, ColorChromatic, Baby's Breath, notxattractive
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61. 7/23/09 - The Stomping Grounds - Lancaster, Pennsylvania w/ Broken Chords Can Sing Alittle, Pandas
62. 7/24/09 - Club Diablo - Buffalo, New York w/ Big Rich, ICP heads
63. 7/25/09 - The Boatyard - Lewes, Delaware w/Summons To Yomi, мина
64. 7/27/09 - Outside - Portland, Maine w/Engineer, Tides, Don Treader
65. 7/30/09 - Legion of Doom - Columbus, Ohio
66. 8/04/09 - Radio Noir - St. Paul, Minnesota
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68. 8/06/09 - Crossroads infoshop - Kansas City, Missouri
69. 8/10/09 - Idaho Falls, Idaho w/Manthems
70. 8/12/09 - Seattle, Washington w/Into the Storm, Moans
71. 8/14/09 - Olivehurst, CA w/deers! wearethekids
72. 8/15/09 - Oakland, CA w/John Cota, Ordstro, amazing unnamed band
73. 8/16/09 - Santa Cruz, CA w//PUNCH! wearethekids, Dichotomy
74. 8/17/09 - Drew Haus, CA w/Seanhomemade, Baby's Breath

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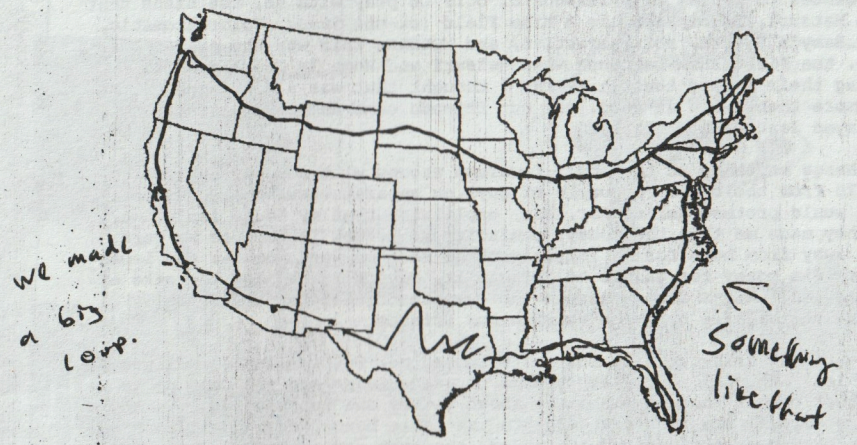
my revolution summer ::::: part 1 by mark c.

Matsuri and MOLDAR started talking and planning this trip during the spring of 2009. we wanted to do something big this summer. Andrew got into UC Berkley and Bryan was going to start attending UC Riverside so we knew that MOLDAR's days as a band were numbered. we mapped out our trip and started booking in March. I found out that it's almost impossible to schedule 40 consecutive dates with no experience booking outside of the state. Hundreds of emails and phone calls happened but many were duds and dead ends and that only stalled us even more. By june, we were getting about a show a day and things were getting better but there was no way we were going to fill everything. We had about 28 dates booked but that was still fucking great! A road trip is a road trip is a road trip. Though doubt lingered in the back of my mind, we weren't going to let anything stop us from what we wanted to do.

I remember the weeks leading up to our departure date were hectic. We had to make shirts for the road and were forced to teach ourselves basic screenprinting. I drove to some t-shirt warehouse in pico rivera and bought mismatched shirts for $2 each. I made a few trips to Blicks for supplies but ended up stealing most of the paint and even some brushes. We made our screens out of embroidery hoops and sheer curtain cloth we got a fabric store. Emulsion was still a mystery to us so we hand drew our designs and made the stencils by painting our negative spaces with Modge Podge glue. Each of our shirts had 2 or more layers and they turned out really great. They took about 3 or 4 days and nights to finish.



MOLDAR had just finished recording and mixing our last body of work, "Last Five" (another creative name). the show at poo-haus (my house) was on Sunday. We planned to print and assemble Last Five on Friday because Saturday we had a show. Everything was going wrong that day and I wasn't in a very good mood. Earlier in the afternoon, I had gotten a parking ticket that could have easily been avoided if it hadn't been for my sister's procrastination (i forgive you!). I was pretty pissed. I met up with Andrew at Staples and we started printing the lyric booklet for Last Five.

We were there for a while and then noticed that we couldn't find the last 2 master pages. We could not find them for about 30 mins and started to panic alittle. i figured they slid behind the wall of the copy machine. There was no way of really knowing because we just couldn't see down that small ass crevice. I asked Staples if they had one of those arm gripper trash/debris picking sticks but no, they didn't have one. I drove to K-Mart and Target and no, they didn't have one. I went back to Staples, picked up Andrew, and we drove back to his house to get one of his. We were about 2 hours behind schedule and I was stressing out a lot. To make matters worse, I got into a car accident on the way back to Staples to finish the copies. It happened on San Gabriel Blvd. I rear ended a couple and my grill, lights, and hood were completely fucked. We pulled over to the side of the road. A man got out of the driver's side and a woman got out of the passenger's side. The woman turned to her right and fuck . . . she was full on pregnant.

There wasn't much damage to the back of their car because they had an extra tire there but they were pissed. Instead of simply exchanging information, they decided to call the CHP. I had a newly bought 1/8th of weed on me and a pipe so I had Andrew pretend to make a phone call down the street and he hid my stash in the bushes. While waiting for the cops, I realized that I didn't have my wallet with me. Usually I leave it in my car but this time I couldn't find it. I truly thought I was fucked. Thankfully, I had a photocopy of my license in the glove compartment. the cop saw it and let it slide. The whole ordeal took an hour to handle. I hope that woman didn't have a miscarriage. Or do I?

my car still worked so we drove to Staples and managed to maneuver the last master pages from behind the wall. Fate was fighting against us all day but we fucking kicked her ass. We finished making those copies. I stayed for a couple of more hours to make copies of my zine for the road.

We spent another day at Office Depot cutting things up and one all nighter folding and stapling them together in my garage. Hard work pays off.

day 1. 7/05/09 - San Gabriel, California @ Poo Haus
this show fucking ruled! this was at my parent's house and was also our tour kick off show. i knew it was going to be one of our last Southern California shows so i wanted to get as many friends of ours to play with us. the bands that played were Matsuri, Tigon, This Is A Mine Field (ex-obi juan), ColorChromatic, Burn Idols, Baby's Breath, notxattractive, and MOLDAR. this was the second show at my house. the first show happened when Matsuri and Home Is Colored Gold played during their spring tour in March. i thought that was a good show but Poo Haus 2 was more than twice as good. all our friends came and everyone stayed until we played last around 10:30pm.

we didn't charge anything at the door. i walked around with a donation jar and got about $70 from the crowd. a couple of guys on separate instances gave me $10 bills and i would protest asking for less, explaining that my house isn't Chain Reaction. they made me take the money, reminding me to use it because we were going to be away from home for so long. ian made me some weed cookies and i was about to give him money for it but he refused it, saying it was for the sake of my trip. that genuineness from everyone who came throughout the night really humbled me made me really happy to be with our friends.

some people brought drinks, which sort of bothered me, but it didn't really cause a problem. one girl really annoyed me. I was outside and she came up to me with a sad look on her face like she was about to cry and kept saying "i'm so sorry, i'm so sorry". she looked underneath the table bench and i looked and saw a bottle that had been dropped and shattered. she kept saying "i'm so sorry, i'm sorry" and i was just staring at the mess waiting for her to offer to clean it up but she never did. weird. so i walked over to the side of the house, with her following me and still apologizing, and grabbed a broom and bucket and walked back and swept it up. she left after i had finished that. Annoying girl, if you're reading this, you should learn to clean up after yourself.

we (MLDR) played a pretty good set and even played Into The Sea as an encore. we recorded our set and Matsuri's set. It turned out really, really well. After the show, karnda pierced my ears. Loki gave tom a Mohawk. The next day was going to be our first out of state experience. I remember most of everyone crashing with just Tom and Andrew staying up to burn cds of the show as a live split cd to sell on the road. i went to my room at 4am to pack and get what little sleep i could.

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right before we left, smiling like idiots in my driveway.

day 2. 7/06/09 - Scottsdale, Arizona @ Sinking in shit house
we left my house at around 10am...i think. it was a pretty hot day. the transmission on the car (an astrovan) slipped and then the engine overheated which fucked the AC. we stopped and waiting for a bit on the side of the road, *under a dying sun*. it was hot. we started driving again and opened all the windows for some sort of ventilation. the hot air felt like it came from a giant blowdryer. we all had our shirts off pretty much the rest of the drive. pat brought his xbox and a computer monitor hoping to play it in the car but the power converter wasn't working. we stopped at an Autozone in Arizona so that we could ask about what was wrong with the car and if there was a way to get that computer monitor to work. i took a shit there.

afterwards i went around to the side of the building and smoked some pot. we had to go so i ran back to the car and we left before i finished. i had some bud brownies that karnda baked for me and bryan for the trip. it was enough for 2 or 3 good trips. i sat up front and ate half of my bag. it made the drive alittle better. i looked out at the desert and the rocks and the cactus and the shrubbery and i was at peace. the sky was clear and the land looked so strong and proud.

Scottsdale is really boring. Another thing about Arizona is that i noticed alot of "bros" and their female counterparts, "bro-hos". i don't mean the abercrombie fraternity bro, but more of the tanned Fox racing, Tap Out, Monster energy drink bros. it was scary.

I stole some lemons from Safeway.

the house we were playing was right in the middle of an indian reservation that was right on the outskirts of town. there weren't that many people there. it was mostly just local kids hanging out. the first couple of acts were djs that played some really funky shit and i enjoyed it tremendously. both MOLDAR and Matsuri played pretty good sets. after we played a 70s hard rock/black sabbath type band played. they had a backline of amazing and loud amps. it was pretty fun to watch. after them was a couple of them playing monotonous doomy sludge. the jam lasted for a long time. we all crashed on the floor of the garage at the end of the night.

Day 3. 7/07/09 - Las Cruces, New Mexico @ The Equinox
we woke up around 9am. i went outside and it was way hot. the temperature in the car read over 100 degrees. we packed up all our stuff and talked a bit with a guy that lived at the house. he asked us if any of us had gotten bitten. we said no and asked him why he would ask that and he told us about how the week before he was cleaning out that garage and got stung by a scorpion and had to go to the hospital. we were pretty freaked out by that and he said that it was normal and not that big of a deal.

the drive to La Cruces, New Mexico took about 6 hours. we got there at around 4 or 5pm and found that the address for The Equinox was at a small little art/crafts shop. we met a girl named Amber and she explained that the show was going to be moved to another bigger space that they had a few blocks away. her little dog was running in and out and around the building and he was lost for a bit so we all spread out to look for him. we followed her to the spot and it was an empty storefront that was being renovated and put together to become a tea shop/community space. it was pretty cool. we saw a taco truck down the block and went over there to get something to eat. i had an awesome burrito.

we set up all our gear and when we started to play, the crowd was made up of about 8 girls with beers, ambers friends. i met a girl named Xuan from mexico and we smoked pot outside. she was super wasted and said she was going to be in LA in early August and wanted my number so we could hang out. i told her i would still be on tour and she gave me a sort of angry look in her eyes and then changed the subject. (Kyle, I heard something happened with you and this girl weeks later on your tour?)

we lit off a stupid firework in the parking lot.

behind the building were empty lots and me, andrew, and bryan were looking at this lone car parked in the middle of the lot. it was really eerie because it sort of gave this impression that there was a body stuffed and hidden away in the trunk. one of us was hungry so we walked across a couple of lots and found a carls jr. we walked up to the drive thru and ordered some food. we walked back and slept on the tile floor inside the store.

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day 4. 7/08/09 - Albuquerque, New Mexico @ The Taylair w/ Adobe Homes, Zagadka
on the way over to albuquerque, we stopped by a reservoir to see if we could swim since it was at a constant 100 degrees or higher. i don't remember why but everyone kept mentioning "mutant catfish" because the park ranger said it in passing? well, the water looked kind of gross, sorta mossy, brownish, but fuck it, tom jumped in and it was way hot so we all got in. the floors was rocky and jagged but the water cooled us off. i submerged myself so that the water was right at my eye level and looked out at the mountains and trees. it looked like a beautiful screensaver.

When we got to the house, a guy and two girls were sitting on the porch. we went up there and hung out there for a while and ate some watermelon. inside everyone sat on the couches and i sat on the floor, my bad against the wall. a little black cat was walking around.

the first band that played was Zagatka. they were really good. MOLDAR played next. we played pretty good but it was hot in that living room. at a certain point in between songs, someone behind me said to me "you smell like weed". Matsuri played really well too. Adobe Homes played an amazing set. After the show, everyone stayed to party. We were pretty tired and had a 12+ hour drive ahead of us so we left after hanging out for about an hour. i'm lactose intolerant but for some reason i really wanted some milk so i drank half a gallon before we drove off.

we stopped at a gas station just outside of town to fill up. there was a cat across the street walking beside the curb and a car ran over it and stayed there for a few seconds, the driver trying to figure out what he hit. we could see the little kittie's paws flailing underneath the tire and then slowly drifting to a stop. the car drove away and another car stopped in front of it and someone walked up to take a look. the second car drove away and i fell asleep in the back of the van.

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party or something

Day 5. 7/9/09 - Plano, Texas
my stomach felt like total shit because of that milk. i had to force myself to sleep to get through the trip. i remember waking up at a gas station at dawn and everyone getting out to take pisses in the middle of a gravel parking lot. we kept driving until about noon. we stopped at a wal-mart to buy whatever. we all really smelled terrible. i stole some fishing line, weights, and hooks (we never used it). we ate some Subway and rested for a inside. we drove another 4 hours to get to the house we were going to stay at for a few days. it was a free house, belonging to tomm's girlfriend's dad. i remember walking inside and being so happy to escape the heat. it remember it being around 110 degrees at the time. we all set up our sleeping bags and fell asleep inside.

i don't remember what time we woke up but i remember just wasting a day lounging at the house. i ate the rest of my brownies and cookies and bryan ate his share too. bryan didn't finish his so he gave me what was left of his, which was about 1/3 of what he originally had. i went outside and smoked some pot and that evening turned into a pretty ridiculously giggly, hazy episode. Call Of Duty: World At War was really great.

Day 6. 7/10/09 - Fort Worth, Texas @ 1919 Hemphill w/Jubilee
The place we were going to play that night was a co-op all ages space. it took us 2 hours to get into the city. We got there early and check it out. they had a really cool zine library and i spent some time in there reading Hearttack. the bands played upstairs. it was hot upstairs. when we were loading our equipment, i noticed that all the Californian's shirts were drenched with the sweat and the locals were completely dry. fuck, it was hot. the first band was called They Mostly Come Out At Night. they were a 7 or 8 piece post-rock group. if i remember correctly, the bassist had a 6 string....but played it like a one string (no offense). they had a cello player for a few songs. they were a pretty cool band.

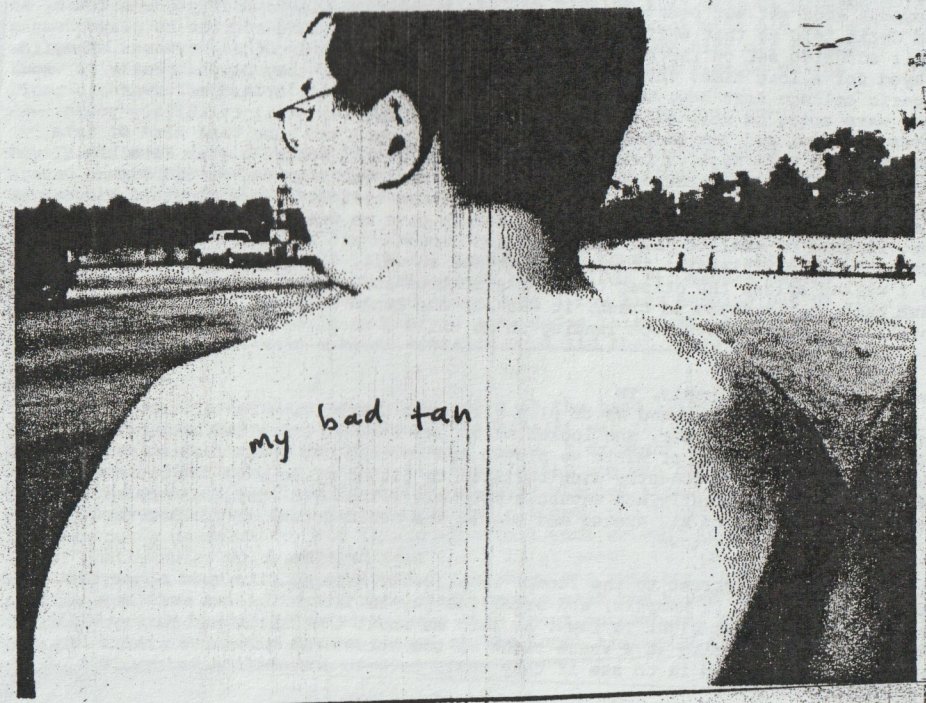
MLDR played pretty well. we opened up our set with "Letting" and found that it's a fucking hard song to play. that's probably why we didn't play it as often. Matsuri rocked the house. kids were digging it. the last band to play was Jubilee and they were so amazing when they performed. they were so energetic and the music was so straight forward while being frantic and complex. the vibe coming off of that band was very welcoming and refreshing. the owner of the space found out we were from california and asked me if i liked razorcake. i said yeah and he gave me 4 of the latest issues for free. we hung out after the show until the place closed. we ate at Whattaburger before we got back to the house. they give you alot of food in Texas.

Day 7. 7/11/09 - Austin, Texas @ Trailer Park Records w/For Want Of, Oriana
the drive to Austin took us 2 hours. we got there around 4pm and checked out all the records they had. they had some really cool stuff but i didn't have the money to splurge on 7s. not to mention, the risk of causing damage during travel. a pizza place was next door and we all ate a slice before the show. we played with Oriana that was really melodic screamo. For Want Of was more on the punk spectrum of sound, as the name would suggest. i think MLDR played a pretty shitty set. the worst on the whole tour. we were sloppy and nothing was grooving that well. Matsuri played a good set. i left my Asshole Parade shirt in that store. i really miss it now. one of Matsuri's old buddies, Nick, came and he took us to a pretty good Mexican restraurant in downtown Austin. "do you know the goat trick?" "what's the goat trick?" "well, if you have a goat face water while you fuck it from behind, it won't go anywhere because it won't want to go in the water." "oh....."

Day 8. 7/12/09 - Norman, Oklahoma @ Universe City w/some assholes [Julie the band]
we said our sad goodbyes to the house and made the 5 hour drive to Norman. it was unbearably hot and starting to get humid. we stopped at a lake, had a short picnic, and swam there for a couple of hours. there was some asshole dude with a camper and boat yelling and beating his little son. i tried to shit in the water next to my friends but it was too weird. tom and pat went off on some stupid adventurecrusade towards a fake island.

Universe City was a co-op/infoshop type house right next to the University of Oklahoma campus. the area was really nice and "college"-like. i tried to find some Boba but the Oriental Tea Shop was closed. The guy who booked the show and lived at the house was Steven Tyler. it was pretty funny calling him that. He had alot of facts about Norman and Oklahoma and the South and he would give you details, polls, and statistics when in conversation.

there was only one other band there that was booked to play the show. it was Julie the band from Los Angeles. they had a nice, big black van with a "Jubliethеband.com" decal on the side. the presentation was pro. i was standing outside on the porch when one Julie went into the house to check out the living room we were playing in. he inspects it, goes back outside to another Julie and says "the place doesn't look so great. there's no PA. let's play acoustic". is there a reason why that statement sounds really fucking pathetic? me and chris were talking to one Julie and they were talking about their tour and how they just came back from playing a fest in Toronto. they asked us about our tour and at one point, he asked us if we booked it ourselves. Chris said yes and then Julie got silent and sort of looked embarassed. i didn't think much about it at the time.



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there wasn't a crowd at all since we were all out of town bands. some people that were sort of regulars of the house just hung out in the front. Matsuri played a good set but people didn't seem to care. MLDR played pretty good. Tom and Chris told me that while we were playing, Julie the band started to play their acoustic set on the porch for everyone there. what a douche move..... they played for a long time. it didn't help that they sucked. they played really generic college frat boy, white guy RnB. they didn't stick around afterwards. they were going to stay at a Best Western. the night was still relatively young. Bryan, Andrew, and Tom explored the university campus and came back kind of late because they were lost. i found a dude with weed and i bought a gram from him. it was really weird because he lead me to the dark bathroom and we did our business in there. he was nervous and told me not to tell anyone about it. i guess herb is taboo in the south? the weed he gave me was black. it looked like tea. it kind of smelled like tea. i walked around a bit and smoke some of the pot behind a craft store. it worked, but not so well. i was feeling pretty sick so i walked across the street to the gas station and bought some Robitussen and went back to the house to crash. it was hot and humid while we slept. we were shirtless and the flies kept landing on me while i slept.

Day 10. 7/14/09 - Memphis, TN
a girl named Jessica booked us to play a cafe in the city. a few of us walked into the shop and met her. she looked at us and sort of regretted booking us. she asked us what kind of music we played and we told her "punk rockish music". she told us that she honestly didn't listen to either of us when she booked us and that the cafe usually had acoustic acts play. that was very dissappointing. she said she'd try to ask around and see if she could get us on another show that was going on in town.

i walked down the street to the record shop (Goner Records. the same Goner that puts on Goner Fest in Memphis) and asked the guy in there if there were any shows happening that night in town. he told me about the Torche and Harvey Milk show that was happening at a venue right up the street. we drove over there and Andrew and Tom walked in to see if they could talk to one. Before Andrew left, i made him wear his Hydrahead pin. we were told the band had contracts and set times. there was no way we could play. i picked up the local arts and events newspaper and we drove around town to a couple of places to see if we could play there. no where could we find a show.

Jessica didn't call us back and she probably wasn't going to. we went back to the cafe and met Zo and his friend(sorry but i don't remember your name right now!) who actually came to watch us play in Memphis. we told them our situation and they called their friends up to see if there could be a house show going on. nothing worked out so Zo offered his place for the night. we drove over there and got to a really nice looking apartment complex. Zo's roommate, Garrett, met us and lead us inside. the air-conditioning was so refreshing. Zo told us he rented out a Public Storage unit so that we could play a show the next morning and then be on our way to Alabama. i smoked a couple of joints on their balcony and talked punk and hardcore with Zo and friends. we watched a bit of Forgetting Sarah Marshall.

Day 11. 7/15/09 - Montgomery, Alabama
we woke up around 9am and got to the place by 10am. I was pretty excited for a morning show at PS due to the novelty of it all. we followed Zo to the place and drove in. we all went inside the building to check out the space. things would've worked out.....had we had a really, really, realy long power extention. there was no power outlet to be found at the building. kind of a let down. i'm sure no one went to that show anyway. we said goodbye to Zo and continued our journey towards anywhere in Alabama. Pat knew had an internet friend named Marissa that went to one of the big colleges in Montgomery and Pat sort of pressured her to let us stay at her tiny dorm.

We parked in the parking lot with the van and trailer and got weird looks from students and the ROTC bros. Pat met Marissa and introduced all of us. she didn't look too excited but we were going to ride this out. her dorm was really small and we all hung out in the kitchen because it was the biggest room that would be able to hold our 9 person party. her and her friend (i forgot her name too) made us some rice and noodles. someone bought sriracha from walmart which made the meal all so wonderful. there was a dude that bummed at her dorm named Todd. he didn't do shit. he was a know-it-all. he's 25 and had been smoking for 18 years. he just needs $5,000 to build a perpetual motion machine that will be powered by magnetics. i talked to him for a bit only because i was stuck with him for a while. he spent about 30 minutes showing me some dumbass GTA riff off on his Xbox. it was fucking dumb. Moldar and Matsuri layed down and line up on the floor of the kitchen and fell asleep.

Day 12. 7/16/09 - Ft. Meyers, Florida @ Hoople Mansion w/ punky bands
around 5am, Todd woke us up and basically kicked us out within 10 minutes. cool. We drove 6 hours straight towards the next show, which was going to be at a house in Ft. Meyers, FL.

Hoople Mansion is a punk house in a run down part of town. Though, talking to some of the kids there, i got the impression that all of Ft. Meyers was as unimpressive. we got to the house and there were a few kids hanging out on the porch. we hung out for a while and me and some dudes talked about how great weed was. i was invited to smoke a blunt upstairs by a kid that lived there named Aaron.

the first band to play was a house band. most of the band lived at Hoople. they played aggressive street punk/hardcore. the bassist was the original bassist for Less Than Jake. during the first couple of songs, kids start dancing pretty hard and one dude fell through a window. his whole right arm was bloody and he ran towards the restroom to clean it up. the dancing stopped after that. there was blood all over andrew's amp. there was blood all over the floor in the restroom. the dude put a gauze strip over it and went then went outside for a cigarette. it was pretty nuts. Moldar played next and i think people dug us. there were homeless people wandering in and out of the show. one even bought our cd. Aaron told me about how he had to rid some shady people near the house that were dealing crack and coke. I talked to some kids about screamo and Her Breath OnGlass. Circle Takes The Square played at the local skatepard in town about 8 years. I found out

after the show i hung out with Aaron and his friends Keith and Justin (who were both in the first band). we smoked a couple of blunts in his room and talked music and punk. he put on some pretty good records that i dug. he showed me a crazy Yaphet Kotto LP that had a screenprinted alternate cover printed on the inside out of a NOFX jacket! we did sort of an interview about Hoople and punk in Ft. Meyers. we hung out for quite a while. i went downstairs to see what was going on. a girl(her name was Maddie) was giving Andrew a haircut. it wasn't very even.

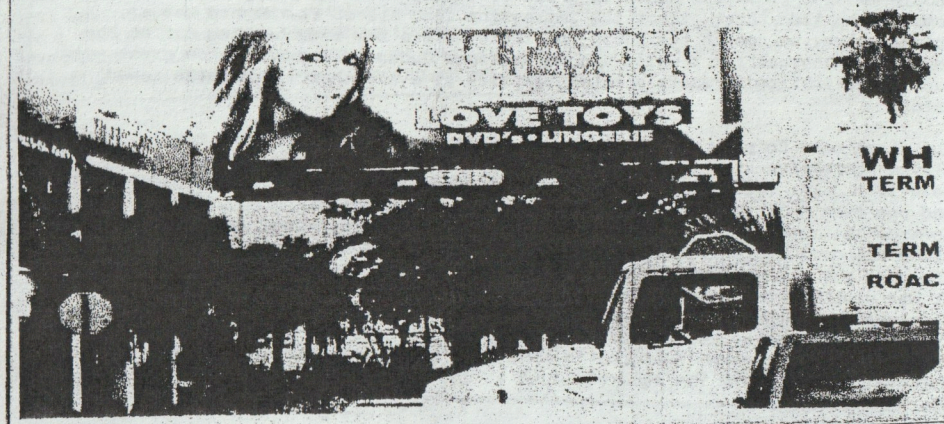
Day 13. 7/17/09 - Ft. Meyers, Florida
I woke up to the bright, bright sun beating my face. It was about 10am. Slowly, we all got up and packed our things. Aaron came downstairs and we hung out for a big in the living room. He invited me to his room and we smoked a blunt and talked a bit. After the session, I walked down to the living room and found that everyone had already loaded out our gear and I missed it. I felt pretty bad but what could I do?

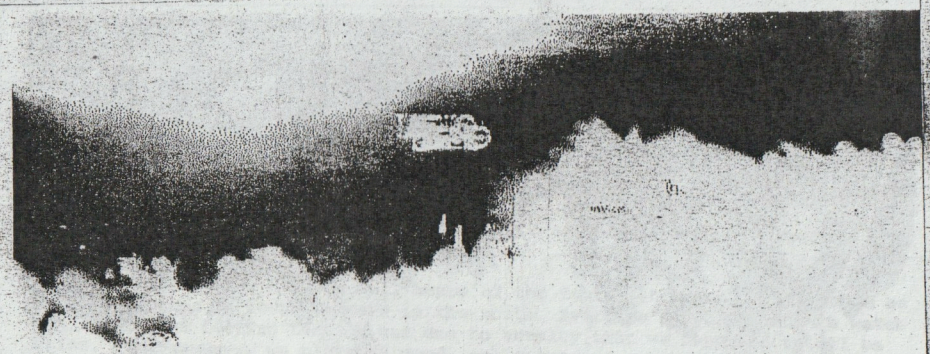
we said our goodbyes and left the house around noon. I don't exactly remember where we went. We ended up at Maddie's house. Her air-conditioning was super sweet. she let us use her shower and her washer/dryer. She and the rest of the guys went swimming in her pool while me and bryan hung out in the living room. I ate half a bag of weed brownies that bryan gave me and read a zine Aaron gave me. I was having such a great trip. I took a nap on her couch for about an hour too. Her parents came home and cooked us dinner. The pasta and salad was really good and it was a treat being full for once. They let us stay over for the night.

Her parents suggested that we check out the beach so we drove over there to see what was there. the sand was so fine and it felt like flour on my bare feet. It was my first experience with the Atlantic Ocean and I was so fucking surprised to find that the water was warm! Yeah, like piss. Fucking weird. We bought some beer and Maddie took us to the roof of a surf shop she used to work at. We hung out there for a couple of hours. Pat wasn't really with us because he was on the phone again with his girlfriend.

When we got back, we stayed up playing Xbox and listening to records. i fell asleep around 3am. Bryan stayed up until 5am playing some Star Wars game. The name isn't even worth the effort of remembering.

We got our nut on after the show.





Day 14. 7/18/09 - Pompano Beach, Florida @ Solid Sound Studios w/ ska bands
The drive to Pompano Beach was about 6-8 hours if I remember correctly. It was tough. We passed Miami and it looked stupid. We got to the place at 4pm and it was right next to a big adult video store. we played hacky sack in the parking lot until someone showed up to open up the venue. The place was basically rehearsal studios for rent and they held shows in the biggest room there. Christina, who set up the show, was really nice and made us feel really welcome. There were a lot of kids that showed up to the show. The first band was a 4 piece "surf-punk" band (and that's because the guitarist kept saying that). The played on stage. They were pretty ridiculous. . . and not so good. Surf music should have lead lines and not psychobilly rip-off licks. The bassist sucked.

The second band to play was Matsuri. Matsuri set up their gear on the floor and everyone crowded around them. They played fucking awesome but the sound guy kept trying to fuck with the sound and it really annoyed all of us. He was the worst sound guy to ever exist. Some kids were into Matsuri and some kids I could tell, were disgusted haha.

MLDR played next. We played a magical set. Kids were into us. during a quiet part in one of the last songs, I heard a guy behind me say "this guy smells like shit". I knew she was talking about me.

A ska band played after us. another ska band played after them. The last band was a terrible hardcore band. They did a Mongoloids cover that wasn't good. The singer was a long haired red head kid who grunted "FUCK THIS" over and over into the mic. Their little hardcore friends danced pretty awkwardly.

We left the joint around midnight and started on our 12+ hour drive to South Carolina for the next show.

Day 15. 7/19/09 - Greenville, South Carolina @ The Hangar w/ This Mountain Is Man

The drive took all night and took all day. It was one of the worst so far. I remember stopping at some rest stop somewhere in Georgia and we all went inside to eat at Wendy's. me and bryan were sitting and eating our food and noticed that the music being played on the speakers. . . was Christian worship music. Fucking weird.

There was also this really weird moment while driving on the freeway. We were heading through the city and all of a sudden traffic completely stops and every car is bumper to bumper. Of course, it could've been because of rush hour but it wasn't. we slowly got to the front of the traffic jam and there was some lady walking on the freeway. She was strutting and yelling at some RV that was parked on the right side of the road. The guy driving was yelling at her too but she ignored him and kept walking down the street. It seemed like they got in an argument and she just got out and started walking to prove a point. We drove past her and shot some footage of her being crazy. I yelled "What the fuck are you doing?????" really loud.

We arrived at "The Hanger" around 4pm. It really was a airplane hangar. I'm sorry but I can't remember the name of the guy that lived there and ran the co-op. he was a local elementary school teacher and also played in a band called This Mountain Is Man. Some of the guys went to go find a place to eat. I stayed and wanted to rest and smoke some cigarettes. I hung out with some of the guys there. they were cool. Looking around the space, I noticed a lot of Asian Man, Lookout!, Plan-it X band posters so I figured these guys were into pop-punk. We talked some about music and Screeching Weasels. The drummer from This Mountain Is Man was nice enough to smoke me out before the show started. There were a lot of locals that came out. I would estimate about 100 people were in attendance.

The first band to play I think was called The Lewis Turnout? Something like that. They were 4 kind of fat guys in their mid-20s playing super, super pop-punk music. it was really generic but I enjoyed it a lot. I also felt alittle embarrassed because I thinking "wow . . . this reminds me of middle school. . . I used to play this kind of music in middle school. . . ".

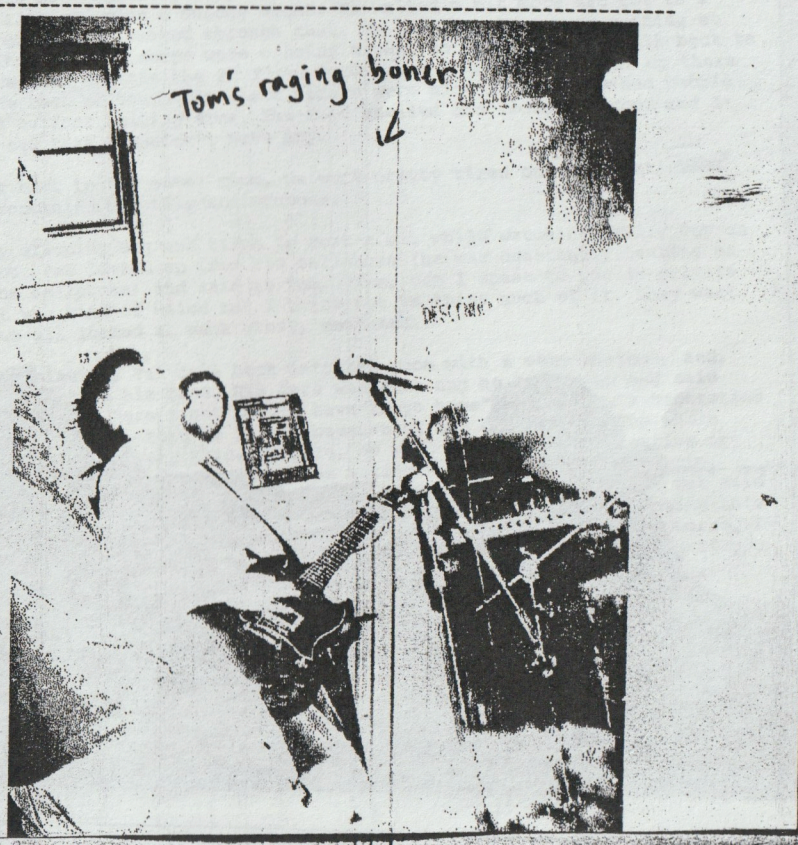
The second band was a 3 piece nu-metal punk band (I don't know what to say). The drummer seemed pretty old and he sang in a gruff, tough voice. They weren't good. They had weird count-offs. For one song the drummer counted outloud "1, 2, 3, 4" then counted off again with his sticks.

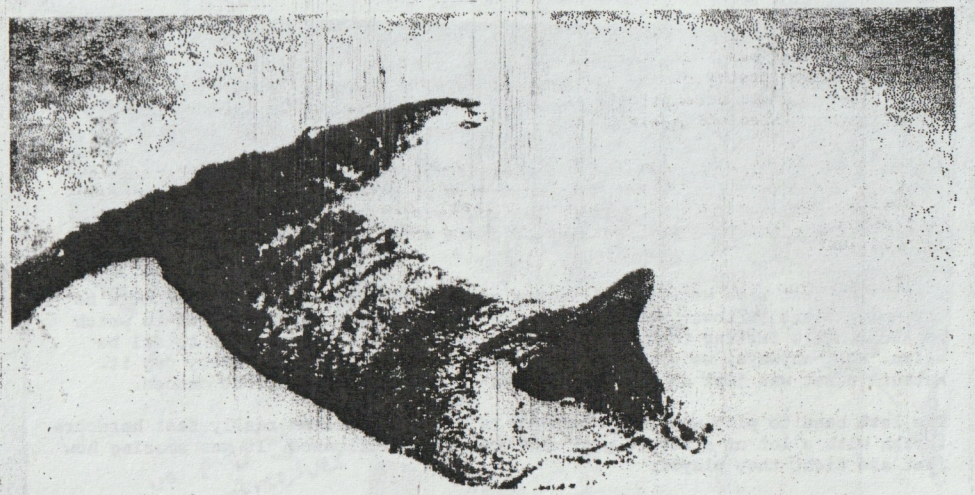
Another band that played was this heavier doomy rock band. They were pretty good. It was one of the better sets that night. They had some really cool gear and it sounded amazing. Their riffs got really old after a while and my attention got lost as I went outside to smoke some more cigarettes before we played next.

I think by that time we were well aware of the fact that we would and could be the only Asians in town. We were in the south. Everyone stayed inside to watch us and I had a feeling that it was due to novelty that we happened to all be asian. Well anyways, we played a good, solid set and everyone really dug it. Matsuri's set was just as good and a good amount of kids up front danced.

The last band to play was This Mountain Is Man. They played really fast hardcore thrash with a lot of straight punk and some grind influence. It was amazing how fast and tight they played.

We were goin to spend the night in the hangar. Around midnight, a group of us walked to the local gas station and bought some canned food and cup noodles for dinner. I was planning to smoke some weed but I was already so delirious from exhaustion that I decided I felt high enough. We ate a lot of food and I was full. I climbed into my sleeping bag on the cold cement floor and drifted off to sleep.





Day 16. 7/20/09 - Raleigh, North Carolina
we packed up our things and left the hangar around 11am. Our first stop was at a local coffee shop. We stayed there for about an hour trying to wake up and trying to contact the promoter of the show we were scheduled to play that day in North Carolina. his name was Justin. Me and Bryan kept calling him but each call would ring and then go to speaker phone. The more we called him, the shorter the rings got so we figured he was rejected our calls. What a douche. We had no idea what was going to happen. Was the show still happening? Bryan booked it and through email messages, it sounded solid and legit. It was an outdoor fest called "Hardcoralina Fest". Haha pretty stupid. Well, there wasn't any reason for us to be in this town anymore and we had to head north anyway, so we left and drove 4 hours to High Point, North Carolina.

the whole time on the drive up there, Tom kept leaving voicemails on Justin's cellphone and each message just kept getting more awkward and desperate. It was pretty funny because Tom just kept exaggerating and making us sound kind of sad and pathetic.

We got into town and parked in some quiet plaza. Justin finally texted us back saying he was at work and the show was canceled. Cool. We kept exchanging messages to see if we could stay at his parent's. he didn't seem to want to meet us at all. It was pretty annoying to be treated like that. Again, there was no reason to stay in this shitty town. Pat suggested we go to Raleigh, a bigger city, and stay there.

It took us 2 hours to get there and that night we stayed at a motel 6. Tom left an angry and funny on Justin's voicemail and I'm sure his feelings were hurt. Bryan wanted to see a bit of the town because he was born in Raleigh. No one wanted to go so he asked me and I was up for some adventure. We walked down the street and smoked a couple of Oklahoma weed joints. we were both high and feeling pretty good. we walked and got to some big mall. We spent about 10 minutes at some book store looking at comics but left because they were closing. It was about 11pm and also a Sunday night. We walked a bit more and got to a huge parking garage and walked through that. We saw that there was nothing at the end and that all the shops were closing anyway so we decided to walk back to the motel. I wanted to take the 2nd floor back so we took and elevator up there and walked the rest of the strip there. there were nice restaurants and people eating in the outdoor seating area. The food smelled and looked so good and I felt kind of sad that I couldn't have any.

When we snuck back to the motel room, we were pretty tired but half satisfied that we did something remotely adventurous.

I layed on my sleeping bag and tried to rest a bit while watching Family Guy on the television. Pat looked up from his cellphone (he was constantly texting or talking on the cellphone) and said to Tom, "Tom, can I speak to you in private outside?". It was kind of weird but I tried not to think much of it. They went outside and we all looked at each other, confused.

After about 15 minutes, Pat came back into the room with a very serious, sad, and frightened look on his face. His face was down and he looked up and said "guys. . . I can't be here right now. I have to go home". we couldn't understand why. We were shocked. He told us it was because of his girlfriend. The whole time at every show and every place we were, he would constantly be texting or talking on the phone with her. He had been acting very distant on this trip. She'd finally given him sort of an ultimatum. He had to go home to her. Pat said "I can't be here right now. I'm needed somewhere else. It's been hard doing this everyday and I know I haven't been here 100%. If I stay, it'll just get worse. I have to get back to San Jose. I need a ride to the airport. Sell my drums if you have to for the money".

We were fucking speechless. At least MOLDAR was. Chris got angry and tried to talk Pat out of it. Tom was half with us and half gone too because he was so emotional and overcome with disbelief. The atmosphere was tense and we didn't know what was going to happen. We sat on the floor of the motel room, listening to Pat explain what he was talking about. Chris and Tom were at the point of begging him not to go. He was going to bail on his friends. We were already on the east coast. We already got that far. How could anything make you leave now?

I was still laying on the floor, wishing to myself that everything would be okay and that this was only a moment thing. Pat then said "where's mark?". I said "right here" behind the bed and he asked me what I thought. I thought about it for a moment and knew I should choose my words carefully. I wanted to tell him that I thought he was acting stupid and immature and impulse. I wanted to say that if he walked out now, things would never be the same again. i finally said something and just told him that if he left, he would be abandoning everything he believed and worked for for years. I told him to look around and realize how far we've gotten on this trip. We were on the east coast and things were good. there may not be another chance to do this in your life. i tried to lay it down as best I could. He got quiet and said ". . . okay. I'll stay".

i'm sure everyone else felt the pressure lift from the room as I did. Chris and tom started laughing and hugged pat. Chris said "that was the scariest thing I've ever been through". this could've been a big thing. We were so happy it was over. Pat got on the phone again to tell his girlfriend that was going to stay. Me, Chris, and Bryan went outside to smoke a couple of cigarettes to rid our stress. Chris said that if I hadn't had said what I said, it would've been the end of Matsuri right there. he thanked me for that but I was still nervous that Pat would try the same thing again.

we went back to the room to watch more television. We had started talking and laughing again. I don't remember who it was, but somebody said "hey, where's Pat's bag?" and we noticed that him or his bag wasn't in the room anymore.

we all rushed outside and see that Pat already waiting on the side of the road for a taxi. He was going to leave. Tom kept trying to talking him out of it and started going crazy again. Pat said his taxi was already coming and that he already booked his flight back to San Jose. Unbelievable. Chris and Jared were asking Pat to rethink it and to stop acting selfish. Tom was walking up and down the street, cussing and yelling and flailing his arms in anger. The taxi got there and we all stood frozen. Pat looked at us and said "bye". None of us looked at him or even said anything. the taxi drove off and we sat on the curb not knowing what to do. I was so wound up and stressed over this that I went to the side of the building and tried to smoke as much of my good weed as I could.

Tom was freaking out and called Trish on the phone to tell her what had happened. I went back to the room and everyone was quietly sitting somewhere. Tom came back into the room and was talking to himself and ranting. Chris and Jared got into an argument. The whole night was surreal and I just couldn't register in my head what had just happened. Tom kept talking to himself and we listened. At one point he said "Pat just left us. . . thus ends Matsuri". That really scared me. "I wouldn't have ever imagined the band to end like this. I don't want it to end like this."

We had 4 more weeks left on this trip. What the fuck do we do now? MOLDAR can still play but Matsuri had to play too. We weren't going to give up on this tour. Shit just got real.

That's the end of part 1. You can continue reading more in the next KYEO SPEAKS 5. It'll probably be done by November 2009. See you soon. - mark

By Tony//ColorChromatic summer tour 09

I was on the "This Is A Cocaine Front" ColorChromatic summer tour 09 and we were in Olympia about to play this garage show with our good friends Ordstro and Flat Out (SF). The house was surrounded by woods so it was fucken rad looking. On the way up to Olympia we spent a day hanging out in Portland and I ended up getting shrooms from these two girls named Zoe and Zooey. I took the shrooms (Ramy and Loki were dipping there toes in the sobriety pool) while waiting for the show to start and 30 minutes into the Big Lebowski they started to kick in.

All these different color wave lines started moving in/out of the wall and Ramy would laugh menacingly at me like a gremlin. This black cat that earlier was scratching and biting people went under the covers with me and started to purr. I was in my own world as these figures were moving around me for a good hour when I realized everyone but this girl who we met the day before in Bremerton was sitting next to me. As I turned to look at her, her face started turning to black shadows, I got freaked out and immediately pulled the covers over my head, turned away from her in the fetal position while saying, "I want to be warm" and waited for her to leave. She didn't. So I pretend to get a phone call and walked out of the house.

As I stepped out I got a real call from my mom telling me my sister was in the ER (she's fine now) and if I could talk to my nieces because they were scared. I had to have this serious conversation while simultaneously fucking tripping out about bears being in the woods, but somehow I pulled it off.

After that ordeal, I made my way to van. I went under my sleeping bag and the plaid cloth looked like tiny dragons resembling the Mulan guy. I couldn't keep my eyes awake and I spent hours dreaming while awake. I would be taken and relive different parts of my life and see random people that I haven't spoken to in years. At one point I thought I was dying because I was forgetting how to breathe but I told myself "fuck it, if I die I die" and trusted that my body would take care of itself. I would only get out of the van to piss and every time in the woods I saw this primate like creature that I felt knew me or was me or both.

Around 6 hours later, Loki came to talk me out of the van, my perception was all fucked up still but I managed to mingle and we met this anarchist crust band with dreams of selling tote bags, sold burned cds for 10 bucks, shirts for 15, and who wouldn't trade merch, but they were nice and I fell in love with there guitar player (cutest crusty girl ever). The show was really funny, even with the Lightning Bolt rip off and the "offensive" well as offensive as someone can be in Olympia Sgt. Pepper guy. The after day glow (life in HD) was chill and we were off to Spokompton the next day!

By Erick//Affinity Index Records//John Cota summer tour 09

I have always wanted to be on tour, and this felt as good a time as any. I was broke and jobless living with my parents for the summer. I had just earned a teaching credential, another useless piece of paper, and wasn't planning on teaching high school any time soon. I always imagined touring with my friends and their respective bands across the U.S. and just letting things happen. That how I figured touring worked, you just live and things happen. I admit, I "invited my self" along in a way. I casually mentioned it, sort of as a joke, to a band I barely knew. Conrad had played at my old apartment, Pancake Island, with his former band; HOME IS COLORED GOLD. Max and I had run into each other at various shows around the Bay, but our dynamic was strictly face value. I got acquainted with the other two on the long drive through twilight and desert. A blanket of stars was our guide, and the possibilities were infinite. A lot happened on that tour…even if it was only five days of independence. Freedom from jobs, families, lovers, bills, bosses, and responsibility. I couldn't even begin to explain what we all felt while on tour, or even less what I experienced. I'm not sure it would make sense anyhow, if you weren't there too.

Anyways, enough of an introduction. This is a story, well a true narrative, about something that happened while I was on tour with JOHN COTA this past summer. This event occurred sometime in late July. The characters you already know. The setting is a sun-baked wasteland.

We were all in high spirits as we drove through desolate terrain edging closer and closer to the shimmering stars. No one seemed to be affected by the increasing warmth, or the consuming darkness before us. Everyone was talking at once about the night's events: The arguing couple. The failed barbeque. Our eccentric guide through the suburbs of Los Angeles. The In N Out burgers we all ate ravenously. All of these events led us to the road that night, and there was no turning back. I mostly listened, and carefully made note of every silhouette reflecting against the windshield. I had just met two of my fellow travelers that day, and things still didn't feel entirely cozy. We decided to drive all through the night, and find somewhere to sleep in Arizona when we arrived. Our desires rested on parting clouds. Soon we all reached that fantastic medium between fatigue and enthusiasm. Too excited to sleep, and too weary to care. We arrived at the Arizona border around 2a.m. and ceremoniously took photos in front of the sign that received us. At this point we were still foolish and optimistic, estimating when we would arrive at our objective and what we would do with our free time. Everyone agreed we would need to sleep, but we were divided on where we would rest our heads. At this point a motel was out of the question, even though the little money I had was burning a hole in my pocket. I was trying to hold out for various junk at truck stops and "curios" along the way.

It wasn't until almost day break that the reality of driving all night with very little food in our stomachs hit us like a brick to the face. The sun was slowly beginning to stretch itself across the desert, painting everything in it's path with brilliant colors. It was a beautiful sight to see, the way each object came alive once the sun's paint splashed it. Unfortunately, the feeling didn't last long. Traffic on our little two-lane highway came to a grinding halt. There was an accident too far to see, but we could tell it was serious. Delirious, sleep deprived, and hungry we all set out to entertain ourselves in the swelling heat. Some of us attempted to sleep in the car. Some of us hit rocks with abandoned wood. I gave someone a really awful haircut. Someone shaved themselves a hideous mustache and goatee to boot. We made friends with sleepy truck drivers, and took pictures in front of just about everything we could find. This debacle lasted two hours and 27 minutes…but it felt like an eternity. If we weren't all mad by now, we were surely losing our minds under that sweltering sun. When we got back into the car and slowly trudged past the newly cleaned up accident, our high morale was gone. We were all hot, sweaty, hungry, and ready for alone time. The jeep became a jail cell, and we were all serving a sentence.

By the time we got into Phoenix, our first date of the tour, we were absolutely senseless. We all had wishes, but there were no words to describe them. We could only gripe about the warmth. The fact that we were 10 hours early for the show wasn't helping either. The first thing we agreed on, after about half an hour of driving/arguing, was we needed a pool. We soon found one and immediately began disrobing and jumping in. A few lawn keeps were there, but no one seemed to mind. As soon as we were all cooled off, everyone began to laugh and joke again. Sleep was recommended, but somehow alcohol became our precedence. This was a bad idea.

The rest of the afternoon is somewhat of a blur for me. I can only be sure that we baked under that sun for hours on end. My only comfortable moment of the entire day was the 30 minutes I managed to fall asleep in the passenger seat after alcohol had successfully permeated my blood. The rest of those 10 hours was spent in a dream-like state. I remember drinking beer near a playground of an elementary school, our sleeping bags spread out like a welcome mat for rest. The bugs slowly devouring my skin prevented me from dozing off, unlike two of my cohorts, who slept happily for a few hours. There was a pizza place where I couldn't eat because of my vegan diet, but all of the waitresses were attractive and so everyone ended up there at least three separate times. I fihally found a burrito and a cold Tecate for cheap at one point. I remember a skate-punk kid appearing out of nowhere, and guiding a few of us to a record store. There wasn't anything too exciting there, but I did find a JAWBREAKER patch. He asked us excitedly if we wanted to steal liquor from a grocery store that night, and sleep at his friend's parent's house, who were out of town. I'm sure more happened, but I couldn't tell you to save my life.

Anyways, they finally played the show and a few kids were into it. After they played a metal-core band who's name I can't remember played. That was amusing for two and a half songs. I disappeared to call my girlfriend and find some dinner. I must have been gone a while because when I got back everyone was ready to go. The skate-punk kid showed us his favorite local hang out, another Mexican food place. Everyone said the food was decent. After that we said our goodbyes to the skate-punk kid and rolled off to our next destination: New Mexico. We would drive all night again. We hadn't learned our lesson yet…

By The Goblin Master//"a stupid inside joke"

tour is something hard to explain. instead of touching vaguely on each significant event id rather just explain one in detail (and no I'm not going to talk about some show that we played because that's not what tours about). im fortunate to be in a band with my best friends so aside from all the music we just have a great time together whether were arguing with our hands at each others throats or dancing naked in the shower. now something i want to explain lies off of the i-5 north freeway behind a gas station somewhere in between los angeles and santa cruz. bertha kept overheating so we stopped to fill up the emptiness in the gas tank. we noticed something looming behind the gas station so we ventured forth and stumbled upon something youd imagine s group of festering goblins to inhabit. We slowly entered the rotten building that was recently overrun by humans and creatures alike. it was great we were all creeped out but certainly ready for anything that could attack. there were dozens of rooms trashed with beer cans animal footprints couches beds wood mold spray paint and anything else you could think of. there were showers room even a car with no tires pretty much stuck to the ground. why the hell was this place here and whats its purpose? it just reminded me of all those movies were the group of best friends go on this great big adventure sorta like stand by me or the goonies. of course im the kid who always says '..uhh hey guys i dont think this is such a good idea." that's just it tour is just like the goonies, of course theres always a sloth.

Jubilee - "songsforemilee" I made up that nickname
Jubilee play their own style of really melodic, high energy screamo punk. they're from the fort worth, tx area. the four piece consists of a drummer, a guitarist, a bassist, and a vocalist. the music is more on the happy moody, sentimental spectrum of sound. the drums are stripped down and you can hear alot of interesting things coming from all the heavy rhythms. this guy plays hard. alot of these instrumentals are guitar driven and the lone guitarist does a pretty good job combining some leads with his rhythmic stop/go style. he using alot of bright sounding chords (with just the right amount of reverb) and uses some of that finger tapping/slide stuff that give the songs alot of contrast. there's an acoustic song on with the singer still screaming but it's not that bad (it's really not).

Here's a shortinterview with Leo, the mouthpiece of the band. We corresponded through email messages during the first couple weeks of September 2009.

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questions:
1. tell me the whole history of Jubilee and how your sound evolved to what it is now.
2. how did your first show go?
3. texas is a big state, what is it like playing punk and organizing diy there? what are some of the difficulties and advantages?
4. what bands would you recommend southern california to check out in TX?
5. how many releases has Jubilee had?
6. what's the story behind you guys breaking up?

1. Well our band started out just as a 3 piece with no bass (we had huge trouble finding a steady bass player in our area) We were all level headed dudes that just wanted to make some emotional music that really lacked in our scene of Fort Worth/Dallas. We played a handful of shows in our first half a year of a band. It took us about 6 months to find a bassist. Justin emailed us about wanting to play with us and we were extremely stoked that he wanted to join with us. We met him play a venue in Fort Worth where he worked sound for. Eventually after a month or two after joining our drummer had to call i quits due to job circumstances and not having any available time for band. He's married and has a ton of commitment he needed to attend to we totally were all about him taking care of business. Our new drummer was quickly obtained from our best band friends Zwounds. So we shared drummers throughout the rest of time of this band and it seriously added some new highs to our band for sure! Our sound was much fuller with the addition of Justin on bass and when TOmmy joined in right after it just clicked completely! Everything got a little more technical and quite a bit more melodic as well. Also we got to tour the midwest in summer which was a serous blast (Seriously the midwest was so welcoming for us!)

2. Our first show was so awesome!! We had so many of our friends come out and we got all of our favorite locals to play the show as well. ALso we shared it with an amazing band from Grand Rapids Michigan called La Dispute! Check them out they rule so hard

3. Its pretty difficult to be honest. There's quite a bit DIY bands in TX for sure, but they are spread out. Like in our area there's only 1 or 2 bands that are similar to what we do, but there's a good amount of awesome hardcore in are area as well. We played a lot of those shows and were very well received at those shows more than anything. We pretty much played either at 1919 Hemphill or possible house shows when they were available. Booking shows can be a little difficult, but I help out a ton at one of the best venues in Fort Worth in my opi'on 1919 Hemphill. Its a great DIY space for touring/local bands to play and also has a library full of books, records, cds, and tons of other stuff. Also they have a clothing donation so for whomever needs any threads they can go nuts! SO I would say that was a big advantage for bands wanting to play awesome DIY shows in our area. A big disadvantage is there aren't any venues that are even close to being similar to it. Every other venue would want you to pay so much money just to rent out the place and than for sound too!

4. Oh man check out Zwounds, Decades, Trifle Tower, Dark Forces, Negaduck, Sohns, Barkus Sly and The Golden Egg, Big Fiction, The Grasshopper Lies Heavy, Brother/Ghost, Teenage Cool Kids, ahhh too many to name haha.

5. Just 2 which comprised of 3 song demos of some way older stuff that we hope doesn't come up haha. Also our split with Zwounds which can still be downloaded on our myspace site. I think that's the remastered one, but I'll check and if not I'll put the better link.

6. Well pretty much our guitarist wanted to focus on his last semester of college 100 percent. So he couldn't do the band anymore and we didn't want to go on without him since it was him and I that started this band. We totally respect his decision and are very excited for him to become a teacher!

Leo gettin' down.

Surfing Down A Dress Of Serpents
by Carlos Salas // ORDSTRO

The old grizzled 1985 Chevy van slowly reverberated down into slumber, pulsating almost at the same speed as our heartbeats. Once stopped, the decaying vehicle rested on the ground like an idle giant; guarding within its rust not only our insignificant belongings but also our hopes and dreams. After five hours of non-stop motion under the blasting Mid-California sun, its aluminum walls had gotten so hot a plastic ?Dia De Los Muertos? mask from Eureka had slightly melted unto the van?s wall.

Once the door began to open a small draft of wind trampled in. Nothing else so far could compare to the feeling of air crooning around our pink sweaty faces, and the way it sent a wave of relaxation down our spines.

We jumped out.

Outside a landscape of dense sad, dried shrubs and cacti stood across the highway, and in the blue hues of late evening light, it appeared to take a new life of its own. The grains of sand seemed like copper as they reflected the orange and dark yellow rays of light belonging to the sunset. Looking at one another, we noticed that the toll our bodies had undergone so far had now become obvious. Our eyes were worn and torn, our arms hung lifeless, our hair like chunks of mortar, just laid there... barren. Our complexions somewhat disfigured from the poorly nutritional diet consisting mostly of canned pasta, grains and raw vegetables. C, and H and B all had survived on a disgusting combination of tuna and jelly sandwiches, while N and I tried our best to continue eating as healthy as possible. However, the rapidly disappearing money and the security deposit, plus first and last month?s rent, waiting for us back in San Francisco really diminished our chances of keeping this up. Somehow though, we had gotten H into cous cous and quinoa which was a miracle. At this point we called anything a miracle.

We felt a little like pussies, as no more than five days were left. Especially since we had seen Matsuri right before we left and had heard about their plans to be on the road for two months. Back in Portland Ramy had shown us videos of them and Moldar fucking around with fireworks in Florida. We realized that we were spending our night trapped in a foreign and uncomfortable basement, inside stuck merely to intoxication, while outside our possibilities were endless. We ran out the door hoping to have an exciting video to share with the world as well. A failed attempt at making a bomb out of firecracker dust and a plastic bottle left us thirsty for thrill. H slept in the van, so we fucked with him instead.

The tip of the sun peeked out from the horizon, surrounded by pale pink clouds and an explosion of colors. C and I both sat on the curb, behind us a gas station, the only one for miles, stood proud as the sole building in these dry arid lands. The neon corporate sign turned on alongside some street lights. C looked at me, his eyes red from either marijuana or stress.

"Do you hear that?" He asked me while his voice cracked.

Back in Washington, the sight of mountains and canyons made us feel so unimportant and insignificant. Our small adventure meant nothing to the rest of the world which continued on with its daily routines like a machine, unaware of not only us but of everything else. This lack of relevance felt liberating. In a way, the more invisible we became the more alive we felt. The glamorized and botched version of music was still engraved in our brains from movies and books, but now we had learned that as much as it was about the actual shows, this whole trip was more about the experiences, the new friendships, the processes, the memories.

?Do you hear that?? C spoke again, this time more demanding, his eyebrows crashing against each other.

?No.?

?Its coming from there.? He pointed at this rattling bush directly in front of us.

N took pictures.

?What do you think it is??

A pair of yellow eyes glimmered in the shadows. But instead of trying to figure out what creature inhabited the insides of these overgrown weeds, I thought about Koalacaust and where they could be. I thought about where we would be after this was all over. I thought about how I could throw myself back into the deadfall of school, and work, and all their staleness.

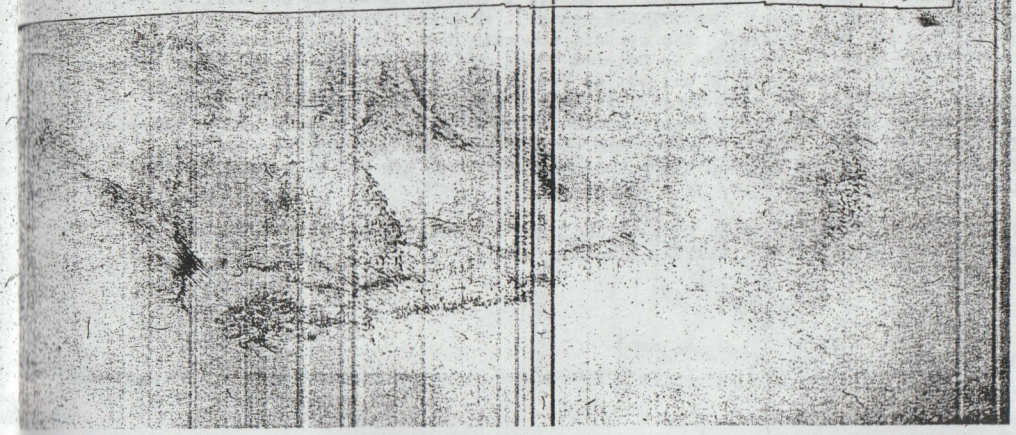
?Look!?

C?s remark dissipated the fog of thoughts in my mind and brought me back down to earth. Out of the shrubs two black kittens patiently made their way towards us; steadily moving ever so cautious. C ran back to the van and returned seconds later with an opened can of tuna. We placed it five steps away from us. The awful smell overpowered the cats? fear, their hunger suddenly becoming more important than their safety. They rushed to the can and began devouring it. Three more set of eyes lit up inside the bushes and after we placed a few more cans on the ground, a family of stray cats with skin filed down to the bones all shared our food.

H and B were behind C and I by then, also captivated by the randomness of our discovery with their hands tangled in each others. N smiled at me from the van where she smothered her legs with lotion. The sun almost completely tucked into its bed of sand.

Like that; staring at the kittens, staring at the endless panorama, standing barefoot in cold sand resembling what we?d imagine it would feel like to walk on ice cream. We just existed, we just were, without worries, or concerns, or responsibilities; completely alone. We had become small dots in the larger scale of things. We had become as irrelevant as the roaches, out of their hiding spots for a celebration now that it was dark.

Just for a moment the world truly was in the palms of our hands and for once we claimed it as rightfully ours.



By Clayton//Touche Amore

If you don't know of my band, we're a "hardcore" band from LA. If you know my band you'll know that we're hardly "hardcore" dudes at all. We don't really party hard, and we don't really get into whacky adventures. Generally we're quite laid back, and would rather watch movies and nerd out about gear, than go "party" with people after the show...it just isn't in our nature. (Granted, I'm only 20 years old and I'll be turning 21 on our fall tour this year, but almost everyone else in the band is over 21 so it's not just me)

So why do we tour? What is the point? If I'm not gonna go party and live like it's a vacation 24 hours a day then why on earth would I do this? The answer is a little complicated. I can't really explain it.

I've worked jobs before. They all sucked. But having a job is great sometimes. Hell, when I'm home I work a 9-5 job. I love having money in my pocket at the end of the week, and being able to buy what I want. It's a very rewarding feeling. It's fantastic to be able to measure our successes. Myself, I buy records, amps, guitars, clothes, and other things that when I look around I can be proud of. And what's weirder is that the instant gratification I feel is usually better than playing a pretty good show or something like that. But the long-term feeling I have gained from being in this band is unparalleled. Its something I've never really experienced before. I am in love with this band. I am in love with playing every night, I am in love with being taken in by total strangers who only know me by my music and kindly allow to sleep on their floors, and most of all it has allowed me to love myself. When I wake up for work, I hate myself, even though those nights I wake up in my bed, clean, fed, and in far better condition than I am on tour. But the feeling we share together as a group...that's what I live for. I love Touché Amoré. I love my friends. I love you and I'm sorry this wasn't a story.

By ramy//colorchromatic/MLDR new year winter tour 09

january 2nd 2009 ColorChromatic/MOLDAR tour. 2nd day we pull into santa cruz at the venue we are supposed to play at... a bowling alley. i got out of the van, took one look and was like "yup, this is tour". the show went as expected, we played for no more then 8 people (including the other bands that were playing), it smelt like old women, cheap beer, and the worst diqcheez you could imagine, but we really didnt care. we were just happy to be there. honestly it is THEE most memorable date on that tour, because not only did we just have an amazing time, but we made some amazing friends. the line up was ColorChromatic, MOLDAR, and Home Is Colored Gold. i really had no idea what to expect of anyone there, i mean who could blame me when this punk ass bro turned skramz kid (mark's note: TALKING ABOUT CONDAD) wearing an owen sweatshirt (mark's note: AND A STUPID SPAZZ SHIRT UNDERNEATH) approached. honestly i thought he was an asshole. but as assumptions usually go, i was TOTALLY wrong... although the turn out was shit, we all had too much fun(even tho certain cum rags dont like fun). total br0 down, br00t m0sh to some Home Is Colored Gold, got some free pizza and beer, and all the 60 year old chics we wanted. no bowling tho. we did get a hell(a) group picture though. in the end, COASTERS09 single handedly epitomizes tour and my relationship with all those people there that night. i really could not of asked for anything more. to everyone who was there: thank you so much for your friendships, and the amazing times thus far. you guys are far more then anything i could of asked for♥

i will never forget my first tour filled with all you can eat pizza, beer, nudity, all night drives, BERTHA, and doug life.

What kind of KYEO SPEAKS would this issue be without it's share of weird sci-fi and folklore?

One subject I've been totally sucked into as of late is the doppelganger phenomenon. Doppelganger is a german word that literally means "double walker". It's a physical double of a living person. Say, you're at home and a friend calls you up and says "hey, I just saw you at the mall and tried to catch up to you but you ran away. Why did you leave in such a rush?". You tell your friend that you've been at home the whole time playing WOW but he keeps insisting that he saw you at the mall. That's your doppelganger wrecking havoc. You could view this apparition as an "evil twin" or simply. . . an apparition. A physical manifestation of your other half?

In many doppelganger stories I've heard, seeing your own doppelganger is usually a warning of a bad event about to come your way. An unwritten law goes that if you and your doppelganger ever happen to meet, both shall perish. A doppelganger could just be a happening of bilocation.

There's no real hard evidence for this weird phenomenon but still, people are constantly having experiences like these. A theory could be that these other copies of you could be time travelers or even inter-dimensional travelers. I subscribe mostly to the school of thought that these living copies are in fact Organic Portals (refer back to KYEOSPEAKS1) and that they are just trying to mimic our human behavior. Real life dittos that copy what they see.

My second guess would be that they're just physical manifestations of our subconscious spirit or imprints that our souls have left on a place and time. i had a moment about 3 years ago when I thought I encountered my doppelganger. I swear to fucking god I saw him driving out of a Carl's Jr. parking lot.

I've had some of these thoughts before too even when I was younger. There are so many different possible faces and looks that I'm sure there's some other kid in China who looks exactly like me. We'll probably never meet but I'm sure he knows I exist too. i would like to meet him one day. He's probably the good twin. Fuck that guy.

Jubilee is no more

long live Innards!

Please don't laugh but I've also been reading up on fairies. I know you're picturing a small, skinny, frolicking man with little wings but that's not what I mean at all. Fairies are supernatural beings and spirits that live between earth and heaven, in the cracks of life, between the household of magick and wonder. Fairy folklore exists in every culture on earth but it's most popular in the british isles and western Europe.

These creatures live in a place most people call Fairyland or Elfland, a place where time does not exist. They travel to our dimension through barrows and mounds and other gates where there is abundant activity of magick. They come with mostly the intent to cause mischief.

There are countless stories of fairies stealing away babies in the night to raise them as their own. They'll leave behind a decoy baby, a changeling (most likely an organic portal), in exchange for a real human one. Other stories include human women being kidnapped and made wifes for the fairies. Human and fairy marriages weren't so uncommon in the past. A fairy could be the size of a normal human or as small as 3 inches.

Here are some common theories as to what fairies actually are:

-Fairies are unbaptized souls. They're souls stuck in the netherland (purgatory?), not good enough to go to heaven, not bad enough to deserve hell.

-Fairies are fallen angels. They were the loyal followers of Lucifer and when they left heaven to go to hell, God stopped them mid-flight to have them stuck in the trees, rivers, rocks, and oceans where they were.

-Fairies are spirits. This theory simply says that fairies are among the many spirits that populate all things and places on this earth.

-Fairies are diminutive human beings. Like pygmies, they are a smaller race and hide from the rest of the bigger human population for the sake of survival.

I do believe in magic and the other dimensions and worlds the universe has to offer. I believe in inter-dimensional beings that live among us. they exist in the crevices of reality. Our perception is an illusion and there is much to experience and know but sadly, our simple brain is still not yet evolved enough to grasp these "supernatural" senses. I wish I had more time and room in this zine to further expand but I'm sure you'll be hearing more of this from me real soon!

IF YOU HAVE SEEN OR EXPERIENCED FAIRIES IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, PLEASE CONTACT ME ASAP. I WOULD LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU.